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THE CALEDONIAN.

ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

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Little-or-Nothings.

A VALUABLE RECIPE. To cure hams, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it is not your fault.

Lord Campbell said he himself heard a judge at Stafford thus sentence a prisoner to death for forgery: 'And I trust, through the merits and mediation of our blessed Redeemer, you may experience that mercy in another world which a due regard to the credit of the paper currency of the country forbids you to hope for here.'

It is said that in Denmark carriage horses are taught to step high by the substitution of magnifying glasses for blinkers. They mistake every pebble for a boulder, and lift their legs accordingly. This must be the same place where green spectacles are worn by jackasses, who thus suppose shavings to be wisps of hay.

An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a craft loaded with boards, how he managed to get dinner on the passage.—'Why,' replied the skipper, 'we always cook aboard.' 'Cook a *board*, do you?' rejoined the wag; 'then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events.'

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that make them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess but what they practice, that makes them righteous.

The wealthy Marquis de Aligre, who died some time ago, who was so parsimonious that, seeing his servant one day with a nice-looking hat, he reprimanded him for his extravagance. 'But it is the old hat you gave me; I had it ironed for a franc.' 'Ah,' said the Marquis, 'but I did not know it could be restored. Here is the franc you paid—I will take the hat,' and he forthwith transferred the renovated beaver to his own head.

'I think I have seen you before, sir; are you not Owen Smith?' 'Oh, yes, I'm owin' Smith, and owin' Jones, and owin' Brown, and owin' everybody.'

A FASHION LONG NEEDED. It is stated that the latest 'fashion' announced from Europe, is that of dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the first circles go to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the poor who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of 'Sunday clothes.'

Human hair varies from the 250th to the 600th part of an inch in thickness. The fibre of the coarsest wool is the 500th part of an inch in diameter. Silk worm's silk is about the 5000th part of an inch thick; but the spider's line is six times finer, and a single pound of this delicate but strong substance would be sufficient to encompass the globe.

An old Scotch parson, praying after a flowery young brother had preached, said: 'Lord bless thy young servant, and with thy great wisdom prick him with thy spirit, and let the wind out of him.'

H. W. Beecher says: As men grow rich they grow mean. Why I know men—pious men—who actually perjure themselves about the value of their property, that they may save what is justly due the city for taxes.—They are as mean as—well—meanness has tunneled them from end to end, and the biggest one lies through the heart, and the Devil daily runs his trains through and through.

The London Magazine states that John Chedgey of that city, has succeeded in boring and turning glass, and has thus rendered it more applicable to a great variety of useful purposes. He makes glass cylinders perfectly round and smooth; also very strong glass pipes as substitutes for metal in conveying acids and alkalies, and his cylinders are eminently adapted for the barrels of pumps. Glass tubes of moderate bore are quite common, but they are never made with a uniform size of bore.

The following is too good to be lost. It is often made a subject of complaint that ministers of the Gospel participate in political matters. An anecdote of a Mr Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, contains a good reply: As the reverend gentleman went, at a time, to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but opposite politics, remarked, 'I am sorry, Mr Field, to see you here.' 'Why?' asked Mr Field. 'Because,' said the officer, 'Christ said his kingdom was not of this world.' 'Has no one a right to vote,' said Mr Field, 'unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?' This at once let in a ray of light to the darkened chambers of the officer's cranium, which he had never thought of before.

LONG VS. SHORT WORDS.—It is a very common but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than the short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." The don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." The don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." They never help, but "assist." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease."—The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Bible critics agree in pronouncing the passage of the Old Testament, "God said, Let there be light: And there was light," one of the sublimest of the whole book, and it consists entirely of monosyllables. Love, hate, anger, grief and joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation, delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—"words a foot and a half long."

General Miscellany.

Letter from Northern Illinois.

GALENA, March 18, 1861.

To the Editor of the Caledonian:

Galena means sulphuret of lead, that being the kind of ore which is raised here. The lead mines of Missouri produce carbonate of lead, of greatly inferior richness to the galena. The galena, or sulphuret, when smelted produces from 70 to 90 per cent. of pure lead; the carbonate only about 40 or 45, as I am informed by smelters. The sulphuret fractures like rock salt, generally at right angles, and with a bright, metallic lustre, similar to pure lead when first cut with a knife, with this difference—it will not tarnish as quickly. The carbonate, a piece of which is occasionally found in these mines, breaks more like a stone, and is of a dull white, not quite as dark as putty, and is of course very heavy. In this letter I shall endeavor to give an account of smelting the lead from the ore, and leave the description of the mines for another letter. And for a starting point I will commence with the ore as we find it at the mouth of the shaft. The ore is invariably termed by the miners "mineral," and I shall use that term in speaking of lead ore hereafter.

The mineral comes out of the "shaft" as "cog mineral," "sheet" and "wash dirt." The first of these may be known, by its appearance of cubes stuck together, from one to four or five inches face. Or the "cogs" may be so large that they have to be broken before they can be raised. The second is dug out of seams in the rock, from ¼ of an inch to 18 inches in thickness, which it fills tight. Of course this comes out of the shaft in small pieces. The third is the "cleanings" of a "crevice," or the small lumps of mineral which appear partially corroded, and are always found in the vicinity of crevices, mixed with a fine yellow dirt. A miner is always known by the yellowness of his clothing, as though he had rolled in a bed of yellow ochre. This "wash dirt" is hauled to the nearest stream of water, which is dammed up; a plank spout, about 12 inches wide and 5 inches deep, and 8 feet long, is placed below this low dam. A stream of water is then made to fall about six inches in the upper end of this spout. A few shovels of wash dirt is thrown in at a time, poked, tossed, punched and shoveled about until all the yellow dirt is washed out, coloring the water for a long way below. The mineral is then taken out, more wash dirt thrown in, and the process repeated. The cog mineral and sheet are taken directly to the furnace, from the shaft, and dumped into the receiving room, or huge box of the furnace, as the building is called. A similar spout to that above described, with a heavier fall of water, is here. The chunks of mineral are broken into pieces about the size of walnuts, washed in the spout in the same manner as wash dirt, and is then ready to be put in the furnace. The furnaces in most general use here are the blast furnaces. A huge stone chimney, with an enormous throat is first built, and then the building proper is put up around it. In this throat, raised about 2½ feet from the ground, is a sort of heavy cast iron pan or box, about 18 inches square and 6 deep. In this a fire is started, mineral is put in, a strong blast is kept up from the bellows, and the smelting goes on. A water wheel in an adjoining room keeps the bellows in motion. During the smelting, it is continually stirred with long iron bars, and a little stream of melted lead trickles down into a receiver placed in front. Under this receiver a slow fire is kept, to prevent it from cooling. When it becomes full the melted lead is bailed into the moulds, and is henceforth known as pig. Two of these big chimney furnaces are generally built together, and the two kept running night and day will turn out about 500 pigs per week. Six men are required to run the two, and work eight hours, and when the furnaces are run night and day, three sets of men are required. The slag is thrown out doors in a pile, there to remain until winter, when it will be re-smelted. About 75 per cent. is a pretty fair average product of mineral, though some will go as high as 90.—Owners of furnaces generally pay $30 a $31 per thousand pounds for mineral, though this winter they are paying only $28. In my next I will attempt a sketch of mineral under ground.

P. S.—A singular case of suicide has recently occurred here. Last winter an Irishman named McCarty murdered his wife, and to conceal the deed, set fire to his house and burned her. The charred remains were found in the ruins next morning, and at the coroner's inquest evidence was elicited which pointed at McCarty as a murderer. He was arrested and thrown in jail. Three weeks ago last Sunday morning he was permitted by his jailor to take a razor with which to shave. He shaved himself, and shortly after was heard by the prisoners in the next cell to fall and groan. An alarm was given, the door of his cell opened, and there lay McCarty with his throat cut from ear to ear. On examination it was found he had severed the right jugular vein, several small cords, the windpipe, and nearly all of the gullet. The blood was stanched, and an attempt made to sew it up, but he refused to let them until dark, when three stitches were taken. He was unable to take nourishment, and water taken in at the mouth would run out at the throat. That man lived thirteen days in that condition, taking no nourishment or drink whatever. The wound commenced to heal, but finally mortified. McCarty was a very stout built man. This is considered a remarkable case by our physicians. M. J. S.

☞ **A silver tongue may cover a heart of steel.**

The Fall of Table Rock.

BY THE LAST MAN THAT STOOD ON IT.

George Wilkes writes: 'I said I had something to do with the falling of Table Rock, that broad shell on the Canada side, which in 1850 looked over the very cauldron of the seething waters, but which tumbled into it on a certain day in the month of June of that, by me, well remembered year. About noon on that day I accompanied a young lady from the Clifton House to the Falls. Arriving at Table Rock, we left the carriage, and as we approached the projecting platform, I pointed out to my companion a vast crack or fissure which traversed the entire base of the rock, remarking that it had never appeared to me before. The lady almost shuddered as she looked at it, and shrinking back, declared that she did not care about going to the edge. 'Ah,' said I, taking her hand, 'you may as well come on, now that you are here. I hardly think the rock will take a notion to fall merely because we are on it.'

The platform jutted from the mainland some sixty feet, but, to give the visitor a still more fearful projection over the raging waters, a wooden bridge, or staging, had been thrust beyond the extreme edge for some ten feet. This terminated in a small box for visitors to stand in, and was kept in its position and enabled to bear its weight by a ponderous load of stones heaped upon its inner ends. The day was very bright and hot, and it being almost lunch time at the hotels, but few visitors were out, so we occupied the dizzy perch alone. We gazed fearfully out upon the awful waters, we stretched our heads timidly over the frightful depths below, and we felt our natures quail in every fibre by the deafening roar that seemed to saturate us, as it were, with indefinable dread.

'This is a terrible place,' said I. 'Look under there and see on what a mere shell we stand. For years and years the teeth of the torrent, in that jetting, angry stream, have been gnawing at that hollow, and some day this plane must fall.'

My companion shuddered, and drew herself together in alarm. Our eyes swept the roaring circle of the waters once again. We gazed about in fearful fascination, when suddenly turning our looks upon each other, each recognized a corresponding fear. 'I do not like this place,' exclaimed I, quickly.—'The whole base of this rock is probably disintergrated, and perhaps sits poised in a succession of steps or notches, ready to fall out and topple down at any unusual perturbation. That fissure there seems to me unusually wide to-day. I think we had better leave, for I do not fancy such a finish, and, besides, my paper must be published next week.'

With these very words—the latter uttered half jocosely, though not without alarm—I seized my companion's hand, and, in absolute panic, we fled, as fast as our feet could carry us, towards what might be called the shore. We first burst into a laugh when we gained the land, and jumping into our carriage, felt actually as if we had made a fortunate escape. We rolled back toward the Clifton, but before we had proceeded two minutes on our way, a thundering report, like the explosion of an earthquake, burst upon us, and with a loud roar the ground trembled beneath our wheels. We turned to find that Table Rock had fallen. We were the last upon it, and it was doubtless the unusual perturbation caused by our flying footsteps that disturbed the exactitude of equilibrium and threw it from its final poise. In a minute more the road was filled with hurrying people, and during the following half hour we were told a hundred times, in advance of the next morning journals, that a lady and gentleman who were on the Table Rock had gone down the falls. We are told that the trot of a dog would shake old London bridge from end to end, when it would not be disturbed by the rolling wheels of heavily loaded trains. Table Rock had not been run upon in the way I have described for years, perhaps never, and therefore, whenever I hear it spoken of, I always shudder and feel as if I had something to do with its fall.'

Woman the Cause of the Quarrel.

Women, as history tells us, have sometimes done great mischief—ruined a whole country. Because the fair Greek Helen was fickle in her attachment to her lord, Menelaus, and followed the handsome Paris over the sea to far Troy, a war of no less than ten years duration between Greece and Troy, ensued, ending with the total destruction of the latter. I may cite many other examples in history, which all will prove that woman is a dangerous creature if she has once made up her mind to evil. But not in antiquity alone have women brewed mischief. Recent, and even present times prove that they have not improved, and become less dominant over the lords of creation. If they can no longer destroy nations, they can at least destroy parties. And that the great democratic party is broken in fragments—who would believe it?—is, if not the work of, at least to be ascribed to the fair daughters of Eve. My authority for this assertion is a good one, deserving all credit of truth.

Everybody knows that Buchanan has a niece, Miss Lane, who has been doing the honors of the White House. She had formerly been with her uncle in England, where, of course, she had access to the court circles, thus necessarily becoming a little aristocratic. When she returned to this country, she became the presiding lady of the White House, of course considering herself the first lady in the country, and expecting all the other ladies would bow to her. Early in 1857 she met at a party Mrs Douglas, then only a short time married and surrounded not only on account of the position of her husband, but her own beauty and youthfulness—which latter attributes Miss Lane does not possess to the same extent—by an admiring circle.—A gentleman paid to Mrs Douglas a very flattering compliment, which unfortunately offended the pride of Miss Lane. She went home and told her uncle about it, who, being animated by the same feeling against the husband of his niece's rival, immediately took her part. At another party, the dislike between the two ladies continued till it broke out in open war. Mr Buchanan believing that his niece ought to be the first lady in the country, and not Mrs Douglas, and thinking that Mr Douglas should not play too strongly the part of a crown prince to the king, concluded to let him know something about it. The coldness existing between the two ladies by and by pervaded the two gentlemen, and thus the war between the red and white roses began, and ended in the destruction of the democratic party. Thus it will be seen that small causes are often followed by great consequences—*Cor. of the Cincinnati Commercial.*

Picture to yourself, O fair young reader, a worldy, selfish, graceless, thankless, religionless old woman, writhing in pain and fear, and without her wig. Picture her to yourself, and, ere you be old, learn to love and pray.

National Affairs.

SPEECH OF A. H. STEPHENS, VICE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

Hon A. H. Stephens, vice president of the confederate states, delivered a long and elaborate speech in Savannah on Thursday evening last, in which he quite fully discussed the constitution, the principles and prospects of the new confederacy. The new constitution he minutely compared with that of the "old Union," claiming that the former was, on the whole, although objectionable in some respects, a decided improvement. The "old thorn of the tariff which occasioned so much irritation in the old body politic," he says, is removed forever from the new, "while the subject of internal improvements is put at rest." River and harbor improvements will have to be defrayed by the commerce of the places which are benefitted by them. Another improvement is the provision giving cabinet ministers seats in Congress, by which they will be enabled to explain and defend their plans. The extension of the presidential term to six years, he also considers an advance upon the old constitution. The principal improvement, however, seems to be that the new constitution is based on slavery. On this point Mr Stephens said:

"The new constitution has put at rest, forever, all the agitating questions relating to our peculiar institutions—African slavery as it exists amongst us—the proper *status* of the negro in our form of civilization. This was the immediate cause of the late rupture and present revolution. Jefferson, in his forecast, had anticipated this, as the 'rock upon which the old Union would split.' He was right. What was conjecture with him, is now a realized fact. But whether he fully comprehended the great truth upon which that rock stood and stands, may be doubted. The prevailing ideas entertained by him and most of the leading statesmen at the time of the formation of the old constitution, were that the enslavement of the African was in violation of the laws of nature; that it was wrong in principle, socially, morally, and politically. It was an evil they knew not well how to deal with, but the general opinion of the men of that day was that somehow or other in the order of Providence the institution would be evanescent and pass away.—This idea, though not incorporated in the constitution, was the prevailing idea at the time. The constitution, it is true, secured every essential guaranty to the institution while it should last, and hence no argument can be justly used against the constitutional guaranties thus secured, because of the common sentiment of the day. Those ideas, however, were fundamentally wrong. They rested upon the assumption of the equality of races. This was an error. It was a sandy foundation, and the idea of a government built upon it, when the 'storm came and the wind blew, it fell.'

Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its fortifications are laid, its corner stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man. That slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and moral condition. (Applause.)

This, our new government, is the first, in the history of the world, based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science. It has been so even amongst us. Many who hear me perhaps, can recollect well that this truth was not generally admitted even within their day. The errors of the past generation still clung to many as late as twenty years ago.—Those at the North who still cling to these errors with a zeal above knowledge, we justly denominate fanatics. All fanaticism springs from an aberration of the mind, from a defect in reasoning. It is a species of insanity. One of the most striking characteristics of insanity, in many instances, is forming correct conclusions from fancied or erroneous premises. So with the anti-slavery fanatics; their conclusions are right, if their premises are. They assume that the negro is equal, and hence conclude that he is entitled to equal privileges and rights with the white man. If their premises were correct, their conclusion would be logical and just; but their premises being wrong, their whole argument fails.

I recollect once of having heard a gentleman from one of the Northern states, of great power and ability, announce in the House of Representatives, with imposing effect, that we of the South would be compelled, ultimately, to yield upon this subject of slavery, that it was as impossible to war successfully against a principle in politics, as it was in physics or mechanics. That the principle would ultimately prevail. That we in maintaining slavery as it exists with us, were warring against a principle, a principle founded in nature, the principle of the equality of man. The reply I made to him was, that upon his own grounds we should succeed, and that he and his associates in their crusade against our institutions would ultimately fail. The truth announced, that it was as impossible to war successfully against a principle in politics as well as in physics and mechanics, I admitted, but told him that it was he and those acting with him, who were warring against a principle. They were attempting to make things equal which the Creator had made unequal.

In the conflict thus far, success has been on our side, complete throughout the length and breadth of the confederate states. It is upon this, as I have stated, our social fabric is firmly planted; and I cannot permit myself to doubt the ultimate success of a full recognition of this principle throughout the civilized and enlightened world."

On the great and all-important question of the future success of the new government, Mr Stephens expressed himself as follows:

"I have been asked, what of the future?—It has been apprehended by some that we would have arrayed against us the civilized world. I care not who or how many they may be, when we stand upon the eternal principles of truth we are obliged and must triumph.—(Applause.)

Thousands of people, who begin to understand these truths, are not yet completely out of the shell; they do not see them in their length and breadth. We hear much of the civilization and Christianization of the barbarous tribes of Africa. In my judgment, those ends will never be attained but by first teaching them the lesson taught to Adam, that 'in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread,' (applause) and teaching them to work and feed and clothe themselves. But to pass on—some have propounded the inquiry, whether it is practicable to go on with the confederacy without further accessions. Have we means and ability to maintain nationality among the powers of the earth? On this point I would barely say, that as anxious as we all have been and are for the border states, with institutions similar to ours, to join us, still we are abundantly able to maintain our position, even if they should ultimately make up their minds not to cast their destiny with ours. That they ultimately will join us, be compelled to do it, is my confident belief, but we can get on very well without them, even if they should not.

We have all the essential elements of a high national career. The idea has been given out at the North, and even in the border states, that we are too small and too weak to maintain a separate nationality. This is a great mistake. In extent of territory we embrace 564,000 square miles and upwards.—This is upwards of 200,000 square miles more than was included within the limits of the original thirteen states. It is an area of country more than double the territory of France or the Austrian empire. France in round numbers has but 212,000 square miles. Austria in round numbers has 248,000 square miles. Ours is greater than both combined. It is greater than all France, Spain, Portugal and Great Britain, including England, Ireland and Scotland together. In population we have upwards of five millions, according to the census of 1860; this includes white and black. The entire population, including white and black, of the original thirteen states, was less than 4,000,000 in 1790, and still less in '76, when the independence of our fathers was achieved. If they, with a less population, dared maintain their independence against the greatest power on earth, shall we have any apprehension of maintaining ours now?

In point of material wealth and resources, we are greatly in advance of them. The taxable property of the confederate states cannot be less than $22,000,000,000. This, I think, I venture but little in saying, may be considered as five times more than the colonies possessed at the time they achieved their independence. Georgia alone possessed last year, according to the report of our comptroller general, $672,000,000 of taxable property. The debts of the seven confederate states sum up in the aggregate less than $18,000,000; while the existing debts of the other of the late United States sum up in the aggregate the enormous amount of $174,000,000. This is without taking into the account the heavy city debts, corporation debts and railroad debts, which press, and will continue to press, a heavy incubus upon the resources of those states. With such an area of territory—with such an amount of population—with a climate and soil unsurpassed by any on the face of the earth—with productions that control the commerce of the world—who can entertain any apprehensions as to our success, whether others join us or not?"

In this connection Mr Stephens further told his hearers that while the new order of things had been most auspiciously inaugurated, without any blood being shed, the future prosperous continuance of the new government depended upon the virtue, intelligence and patriotism of the people. If they became divided and factions were engendered, no good could be prophesied. After touching upon this point, Mr Stephens turned to the subject of future growth by accessions from the North, throwing out the following noteworthy ideas:

"Organized upon principles of perfect justice and right—seeking amity and friendship with all other powers—I see no obstacle in the way of our upward and onward progress. Our growth, by accessions from other states, will depend greatly upon whether we present to the world as I trust we shall, a better government than that to which they belong. If we do this, North Carolina, Tennessee and Arkansas cannot hesitate long; neither can Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. They will necessarily gravitate to us by an imperious law. We made ample provisions in our constitution for the admission of other states; it is more guarded, and wisely so, I think, than the old constitution on the same subject, but not too guarded to receive them as fast as it may be proper. *Looking to the distant future, and perhaps not very distant either, it is not beyond the range of possibility, and even probability, that all the great states of the Northwest shall gravitate this way,* as well as Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, &c. Should they do so, our doors are wide enough to receive them, *but not until they are ready to assimilate with us in principle.*

The progress of disintegration in the old Union may be expected to go on with almost absolute certainty. We are now in the nucleus of a growing power, which, if we are true to ourselves, our destiny and high mission, will become the controling power on this continent. To what extent accessions will go on in the process of time, or where it will end, the future will determine. *So far as it concerns states of the old Union, they will be upon no such principle of reconstruction as now spoken of, but upon reorganization and new assimilation.* (Loud applause.) Such are some of the glimpses of the future as I catch them."

In the career thus marked out, Mr Stephens says inconveniences and embarrassments will naturally arise, but they must be borne with patience and forbearance. As to the prospect of war with their late confederates, he regards the chances for a peaceful adjustment as improving. The new government desire peace. The South, however, should keep her armor bright and her powder dry, ready for the alternative of war, as the surest way to secure peace. The idea of coercion is scouted as preposterous.

A Supernatural Premonition.

STORY OF A RAILROAD ENGINEER.

I was running a night express train, and had a train of ten cars—and all were well loaded. I was behind time and was very anxious to make a certain point; thus I was using every exertion, and putting the engine to the utmost speed to which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop.

A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life. I looked back at my train and it was all right. I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness, and could see no signal of danger, nor anything betokening danger, and there I could see five miles in the day-time. I listened to the workings of my engine, tried the water, looked at the guage, and all was right. I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but like Banquo's ghost, it would not go down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me.

I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop grew still stronger, and I shut off and blew the whistle for brakes accordingly. I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little way, without saying anything to anybody what the matter was. I had a lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me that premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it had never been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but was open to lead me off the track. This switch led into a stone quarry, whence stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left in case stone should be wanted at any time, but it was always locked, and the switch rail spiked. Yet here it was wide open, and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will, I should have run into it, and, the end of the track, only about ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of thirty miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock, eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, have been otherwise than fatally horrid. This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not, and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor whence it came.

Cowardly Brutality of a Traitor.

The Green Bay Free Press gives the following notice to the infamous traitor, the late Gen David E. Twiggs:

"To many of our older citizens, Gen Twiggs is well known. Thirty odd years ago he was stationed here, in command of Fort Howard. Invested with supreme trust in this then new country, with little or no government other than martial law, examples of his vindictive and barbarous conduct live in the memory of some of the old residents with bitter distinctness. There are no brilliant deeds of heroism in his history, as in most American officers of his age, to dazzle or avert the eyes bent upon his early infamy and wanton barbarism. A long life of service in the army, mostly in frontier stations, has afforded means of gratification to his tyrant nature; but in his profession his cowardice shielded him from danger more successfully than his vanity stimulated him to his distinction. In his intercourse with civilians, he was supercilious and overbearing. In his conduct to his soldiers, he was the merciless tyrant and taskmaster. He was constantly embroiled in feuds without cause or complaint; his command was never without its victims of his cruelty and oppression.

In 1828, a soldier named Prestige, smarting under the infliction of punishment more severe than usual, determined to take his life. Making his preparations with extraordinary care. Prestige watched his opportunity when Twiggs was asleep one afternoon, and, stealthily creeping to his bedside, placed the muzzle of a heavily-loaded musket to his ear, and commended his soul to the keeping of the infernal regions. By some strange accident the musket missed fire: but the snapping of the gun awoke the sleeper, and seizing the musket by the muzzle, he brained the soldier at a blow, leaving him for dead. So far it was all right; doubtless the outraged but treacherous soldier deserved to die. But he did not die. His skull was smashed in by the gunlock; but he lived—lived to suffer a complication of horrors sickening to think of. The skull of the wounded man was trepanned by Dr Foot—an excellent surgeon and man; and while the patient was under his immediate care his condition was comfortable. But scarcely had he commenced to convalesce, when Twiggs began a series—a system—of cruelties and enormities unparalleled in the annals of vindictive persecution.—Before his reason was entirely regulated, the suffering soldier was severely cowhided once every day, either by the hand of the tyrant himself, or by his orders and in his presence. He was confined in the dungeon, fed like a beast upon uncooked food, denied any comfort or convenience suitable to man, and worried and exasperated with taunts and curses, as a sauce to his coarser punishments.

In the fall or autumn of the year the troops at Fort Howard were ordered to the Portage to establish Fort Winnebago. Prestige, feeble with famine and brutal chastisement, crippled with chains and laden with burden, was forced to march under guard through 150 miles of wilderness. Once, when a pitying fellow-soldier relived his fainting victim of a part of his burden for a while, he was kicked and cursed for a scoundrel for his impertinent humanity. Arrived at the Portage, he was not permitted the coarse comforts of his fellows, but chained to a tree like a beast. In this condition he was kept through a severe winter, without shelter or protection other than one blanket and a shed of slabs which some other soldiers were suffered to build around him. It is said that the villian Twiggs, the coward Twiggs, never passed the lair without bestowing upon his suffering victim, nauseous with filth, and alive with vermin, a blow or a kick and a curse. In the spring of 1829, when the soldier's enlistment expired, and the tyrant could no longer retain him for his private persecution and revenge, his head was shaved and he was drummed out of the service. But the malice of the coward did not end there. When he could no longer reach him by his own arbitrary schemes of torture, he sent him under guard to this city and surrendered him to the civil authorities to be tried for his attempt on the dastard's life. He was tried and sentenced by Judge Doty to five year's imprisonment in the county jail; but only a short time elapsed when a proper representation of the facts was made to president Jackson, and he was pardoned and set at liberty."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and strong business habits. In courting his second wife, his procedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. Calling for the lady, he said to her, without preliminary remark, 'Lizzy, I am looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, off or on, the morn, and nae mair about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative."

Perhaps he repented of his precipitancy, for when a butler gave warning on account of Mrs Braxfield's scolding propensities, the judge replied: "Lord, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her."

"The late Professor D——— was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady.—They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle 'No!' The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. 'Do you remember,' at length said the lady, 'a question which you put to me when we last met?' The professor said that he remembered. 'And do you remember my answer, Mr D———?' 'Oh yes,' said the professor. 'Well, Mr D———,' proceeded the lady, 'I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind.' 'And so have I,' drily responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close."—*Dr Rogers' "Illustrations of Scottish Character."*

☞ An elderly married female of the name of Piot, and a well-dressed man, appeared, three days ago, before the Tribunal of Correctional police of Lyons, and the former with tears said, "I complain of this man for having made a *civet* of Juliette!" "Juliette! what do you mean?" asked the president. "My cat—my poor cat, sir! This person, who is a friend of my husband, came to see us on Christmas-eve, and Juliette having